

# Red Vs Blue: The PokÃ©mon Chronicles

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## 1. Episode I

Disclaimer: Bungie owns Halo, Nintendo owns PokÃ©mon, and Rooster Teeth Productions are the ones that own Red vs. Blue: The Blood Glutch Chronicles. Seriously, I think Rooster Teeth is a crazy name for a group of people making web videos, but hey, we got Monty Python, so what the hell.

**\*\*Episode One: Lucky Zeros\*\***

"Teleporter complete. Slightly behind schedule."

Somewhere in a dark hallway of a dark facility, in front of monochrome screen on the wall, stood a cobalt blue Spartan named Church... who currently is growing a beard out of his facemask.

"...you know, it might have gone a LITTLE faster if you haven't spent so much processor time telling knock-knock jokes."

"Knock knock."

"ENOUGH," Church said sternly. "Do you have the coordinates to send me to Blood Glutch or not?"

"Yes," the computer replied. "Do you have a plan yet?"

"...I've been standing in this hallway thinking for a thousand years. I've had time."

"And?"

"Well, the main thing I need to do is keep myself from dying-"

"That's a given," the computer stated in it's normal monotone voice.

"-And since all our problems stem from O'Malley jumping from Tex to Caboose, all I need to do is to prevent her from dying too."

"Because you secretly love her?"

"Oh don't start that again!" the coblat soldier replied. "All I need to do is kill that pink guy that sticks the gernade on her."

"Sounds easy." the computer replied.

"Well, I have knowledge of everything that takes place beforehand," Church said with optimism. "So, as long as I don't interfere too much, or get spotted, should be a friggin breeze."

It was then the computer said, "Ready to transport."

"Okay," replied Church. "Let's do it. Goodbye, computer... compu- you know what, you think I would have come up with a name for you in these thousand years."

"It's Gary," the computer AI stated. "But thanks for asking. See you in a few hundred years."

With a flash of light and a ripple of air, Church disappeared from view and went on his way to Blood Glutch. A second later, he ran back up to the computer again, sans beard.

"Computer, you gotta send me back!"

"To Blood Glutch?" Gary queried. "You just left-"

"No-no-no, not to Blood Glutch, to Sidewinder! Man, I totally screwed everything up!"

"...how?"

(Approimately 856 years later...)

"1:45 left till the bomb goes off, Sarge," stated Simmons, the maroon armored soldier of the Red squad from Blood Glutch.

"Oh man, this sucks!" moaned Donut, the one in Pink armor. "I knew I should have worned my lucky underwear today!"

Girf, the orange soldier, turned toward his comrade. "Hey, uh... Donut?"

"Yeah?"

"Before we all die a horrible flaming death, there's on thing I REALLY need to know..."

Donut paused before saying, "Is it important?"

"Yeah, let's just say I'll die easier if I know..."

"Alright then, spit it out then!"

Grif let out a heavy sigh and lowered his head a few inches.  
"...correct me if I'm wrong, but are you... um... what's the word...  
guh..."

"Oh come on, it can't be that hard to say," spoke the red armored sarge of the squad, known only as Sarge. "Then again, this IS Grif we're talking about..."

"I'm thinking of the right words!" the private shouted before turning back to Donut once again. "Look, I'm going to just come out and say it: Are you a-"

"Hey, guys, 30 seconds left!" interrupted Simmons. "Just to let you-hey, where did Tucker and Caboose go?"

All four Reds turned toward an open shutter nearby, which was swaying in the soft breeze.

"...aww crap."

(Meanwhile, near the beach...)

"Well, the bomb'll go off soon," Tex said to herself. She was by the shore close to the outer walls of the fortress, leaning against the Warthog the others arrived in. "Too bad the others got stuck in there. I think I'm going to miss them... naw, who am I kidding?"

"RUN FASTER!" The female freelancer looked up to see two figures, Tucker and Caboose, running toward her as fast as their legs could go. Tucker had his "cool thing" still gripped in his right hand.  
"Tex, get us out of here!"

"Hey, I thought you guys were trapped with the Reds inside the base, with the bomb!"

"Well, yah see, I didn't schedule my death for until VERY FAR AWAY FROM TODAY," Tucker said in a sarcastic voice.

"I think the bomb will be REALLY loud when it goes off," chimed Caboose. "I do not like REALLY loud noises..."

"Yeah, so we need to go, RIGHT NOW." Tucker put away his weapon and climbed into the driver's seat of the Warthog.

Tex just looked at him and said, "Relax... the bomb was made to only kill everyone inside the base. There's no way the explosion will harm us."

(Back inside the base...)

"Those back-stabbin Blues!" shouted Sarge. "We never should of trusted 'em!"

"Personally, sir, I would have done the same thing-"

"Shut up, Grif," Sarge growled.

"Ten seconds!" shouted Simmons.

"Hey Grif, do you still want to ask that question our yours?" Donut said to the orange man.

"Five seconds!" Simmons said once again.

"Yeah, I do. Donut, are you, or are you not-"

"Shut it scumbag!" shouted Sarge. "The last thing I want to here before I die is the sound of-"

"ZERO SECONDS!"

The bomb's extrenal timer hit zero. Everyone stared at it and waited for the coming explosion...

...which didn't come at all.

"What? We're alive?" Grif said in confusion. His question was answered by the familiar laugh of an old "friend."

"Maw ha ha ha! You fools! You really think a simple bomb such as that was enough to stop me?" Out of seemingly nowhere, O'Malley, currently using the body of Doc, appeared above the Red squad, laughing maniacally.

"O'Malley!" shouted Simmons, stating the obvious. "You disabled the bomb?"

"Mear child's play to a genuis like me!" the purple madman said, taking out his rocket launcher. "But now, perish, as you will now taste obilvio-"

Just then, the bomb placed by Caboose, the one O'Malley disabled, disappeared in a flash of bright light. Everyone stared and Grif was the first to speak up:

"What the hell?"

A few mear seconds later, a new object appeared where the bomb once was... an even BIGGER bomb, with it's digital timer right one five seconds.

"...oh, son of a b-"

(Back at the beach, several seconds earlier...)

"That's funny," Tex said. "The bomb shold have detonated by now."

"Isn't that a good thing?" Tucker stated.

Caboose, now sitting in the passenger's seat of the Warthog, came out of his train of though... or lack thereof. "Maybe... the bomb is taking a nap!"

"Caboose, there is no way-"

INSERT BIG ASS EXPLOSION HERE

(Back with Church...)

"..and now, I'm back here." Church finally finished recounting his tales of blunder on how he tried to fix the past, yet ended up causing all that happened in the first place.

"You sure have a way with luck," Gary replied.

"Oh, can it you metallic-"

All of a sudden, a warning began to blare about the hallway, as well as the rest of the base.

"What the hell? Computer, what's going on?"

"A temporal anamoly has been detected inside the facility."

"A temporal wha-" Before Church can even finish his sentence, he dissolves into a mess of green particles and vanishes.

"Hello? Hello? Are you alright?"

Silence filled the hallway of the facility. Nothing moved except the text on the monochrome screen of the computer terminal.

"Oh well... time to play some solitaire."

\_END EPISODE\_

My first Halo fanfic! How do you guys like it? I mean, it isn't THAT bad... I think. Anyway, stay tuned for the next chapter/episode:  
\*\*Strange Land, Stranger People\*\*

Read, Review, Rinse, Repeat.

## 2. Episode II

Disclaimer: Bungie owns Halo, Nintendo owns PokÃ©mon, and Rooster Teeth Productions are the ones that own Red vs. Blue: The Blood Glutch Chronicles. Seriously, I think Rooster Teeth is a crazy name for a group of people making web videos, but hey, we got Monty Python, so what the hell. And I copied this from the last page as well, yah lazy bums. :P

\*\*Episode Two: Strange Land, Stranger People\*\*

"Maybe... the bomb is taking a nap!"

"Caboose, there is no way-"

INSERT BIG ASS EXPLOSION HERE

(Elsewhere...)

A group people are walking through a forest. There are four people in

the group: a young adult male with a brown vest and squinted eyes, a young teenager boy with a red and black cap and a green backpack, a younger boy with glasses and dark blue hair, and a slightly older girl with brown hair and a bandana. The boy in the hat has a yellow mouse-like creature on his shoulder, while the youngest of the group is holding some kind of map device, which was currently... static. (AN: Long paragraph, eh?)

"Come on, work..." he moaned. "What's wrong with this thing?"

"Have you tried hitting it?" the boy with the hat suggested.

The oldest of the group interjected by saying, "It isn't a TVm Ash. The Pok Nav is a much more advance, complex and fragile machine."

"Yeah, but if it's so advance, why isn't it working?" Ash replied.

"I don't get it!" the young boy, Max, exclaimed. "Dad just had this thing fixed before we left Petalburg, and it was working fine a few minutes ago... And now it's on the fritz!"

At that moment, the mouse creature on Ash's shoulder turned his head slightly, and the right ear coming from it began to twitch rapidly.

"Pika-chu?" This sound and action caught the attention of the girl behind Ash, while he and the other two guys talked about the broken device.

"Hey guys, I think something's wrong with Pikachu!"

Ash turned his head toward the creature on his shoulder with some worry. "Pikachu? Why is your ear twitching like-"

Suddenly, the air in front of the group's path seemed to tear open, stopping the four people in their path. It wasn't long before the tear spat out some familiar figures and quickly closed.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

Tucker crashed into the ground below, Tex was propelled into a nearby tree, and the Warthog spun for a while then landed right on top of the cyan soldier's body. It was then that Ash and his companions saw the blue man, Caboose, in the front passenger's seat, sitting calmly as if nothing had happened.

"That... was... GREAT!" he shouted with glee. "I want to go back and do that again and again!"

Underneath the jeep, Tucker said, "That's great, Caboose. Not let me over the intense pain I'm feeling right now."

The four kids sat at the scene with wide eyes for what seemed like minutes. The silence was broken by a beep from the device in Max's hand, which he looked down to.

"Hey, the Pok Nav's fixed!"

(Elsewhere... again)

"Oh man... this is worse than that hangover I had last Tuesday..."

"Grif, as your commanding officer, I am ordering you to QUIT YER BITCHIN!"

The Red team, slightly scorched but alive, laid in several uncomfortable positions in a small forest clearing. Slowly, they began to get up one by one.

"Man, I though he new bomb killed us for sure!" exclaimed Donut.

Simmons was the next to speak up, using a nearby rock for support. "If we aren't dead... then we must have been sent through time again... or space..."

"Or both!" shouted Grif. "But, um... where and/or when are we anyway?"

"I don't know, men," Sarge said slowly. "But all I DO know is that if we find those back-stabbin Blues here, there won't been enough of them left afterwards to fill a spit-toon!"

"Still, they did have a good idea from running from the first bomb." Grif's comment earned him a dirty look from Sarge.

"Speaking of bombs, where did the new one come from?" chimed Donut.

"I bet it was a trap by the Blues!" Sarge shouted. "That's the reason they ran away in the first place!"

Grif looked at the red armored sergeant after hearing of his crazy theory. "Somehow, I really doubt that."

"Who asked you anyway, scumbag?"

"Hey guys!" Simmons shouted from a while off. "Come over here, I found something!"

Grif, Sarge and Donut looked at each other, and then trotted over one by one to where Simmons was. A short stroll later and they found him on the side of a straight dirt road.

"Hey guys, I found this road running through the forest," he said proudly.

"...so?" said Grif.

"Grif, a road means that cars travel through here. And where there's cars, there's people, and where there's people-"

"There's beauty salons!"

Everyone slowly turned their gaze toward Donut, who nearly stood there in a bluff.

"...Anyway..." Sarge started up. "Good work Simmons. We can follow this road to some sort of civilization, and figure out where the hell we are!"

"Thank you, Sir," the maroon private replied. Sarge motioned the rest to follow him with his shotgun and headed down the road on foot. Donut and Grif moved past Simmons in suit, Grif stopping momentarily to whisper something into his ear.

"Kissass."

(Back with the Blues)

"What the..." May started to say, still in shock from the arrival of the Blue team and the UNSC issue jeep. This caught the attention of Caboose, still in the Warthog, and he smiled from underneath his helmet.

"Look, New people here to greet us! Isn't that wonderful, Tucker?"

"As much as I find it REALLY interesting," Tucker moned sarcastically, "I'd like it if you get this jeep off of me now."

"Okie dokie!" Caboose leaped out of his seat and began to push the Warthog backwards over Tucker.

"Caboose, not like-" \_CRUNCH!\_ "OWW-HOW-HOW-HOW! My hand!"

"Sorry!" Caboose said quickly. Ash and Pikachu say the event and winced at the sight, think how painful it must have been.

"Move it, amatures" From the tree the Tex landed in, she leaped down to the Warthog and pushed Caboose out of the way. She then pushed the jeep over from the right side and flipped it right over Tucker and back rightside up a few feet away. "Okay Tucker, can you move anything at all?"

"Yeah..." he replied weakly, "but it really hurts to-"

"Okay then, you're alright." Tex got back up and turned to Ash and his friends, who looked toward the Blue squad with a mix of curiosity and caution. "What? Do I have something on my armor or what?"

Ash was the first of his group to speak up again. "Who... what are you?"

"Oh, that..." she replied. "Well, it's kinda of a long story... and I think \*\*I\*\* should be asking the questions here."

She then turned toward Brock who, upon hearing the voice of a women, began to creep up closer to her when she wasn't looking.

"Don't even THINK about it, cockbite." This show of langauge shocked both Brock and the nearby May.

"Hey watch your mouth! My brother is right here!"



Max looked toward his sister with a serious look on his face. "Oh please, I've heard worse swearing on cable. Nothing new I can learn from anyone."

"Um, can someone help me up?" Tucker whined. This caught Tex's attention as well as Ash's.

"Stop being such a wuss, Tucker." She was pushed out of the way by Ash, who went up to Tucker and started to help him up.

"I can't believe you're not helping him!" he scolded Tex. "What kind of friend are you?"

"Since when did I consider her a friend?" Tucker then got up on his own and leaned against the Warthog. "In fact--"

"Can it, Tucker," the freelancer said. She then turned back to Ash. "Anyway, my name's Tex, the guy you helped up is Tucker, and the blue dumba over there is Caboose."

"Hello!" said Blue replied.

"Okay, we know your names," Brock said, being cautious not to get too close to Tex, "but where are you guys from? Why did you just appear out of thin air?"

"You want the long version or the short?" asked Tex.

"Oh, OH! I can DO this!" Caboose cut in and proceeded to face Ash and co. "A-HEM. You see, we were all fighting in this big canyon when a scary purple guy showed up and began to shoot at everyone, and he took a Mexican robot hostage, and then we followed him to this ice planet where Church exploded! We then went into the future, which was VERY SHINEY by the way, and I carried a bomb into the base and found Church again! Then Tucker and me ran away to Tex, and the bomb took a little nap before it went BOOM! And now... we ARE here! Talking to you."

There was an awkward moment of silence after that. "Wait," Max spoke up, "You're saying a bomb exploded, and it sent you here?"

"Putting it simply, yeah," Tex responded.

"And who's this Church guy?" Brock asked. This got Tucker's attention as he struggled to stand.

"Oh, he's our friend who commanded us back at Blood Gulch. He's somewhere in the past now, I think."

"And I found him again!" chimed Caboose.

"And the purple guy?" inquired Ash.

"O'Malley, a madman possessing this medic guy," Tex explained. "But if he was close to the center of the explosion that sent us here, he should be a thing of the past now. I mean, what's the chance of him surviving that?"

(Meanwhile, in Saffaron City)

"Yes, muaw-ha-ha... the sweet smell of conquest is in the air!" On the roof of the tallest building in the city, Silph Co., O'Malley stood and looked down at the city below. "A new world to conquer. And soon, all shall fear my name, and my enemies will taste oblivion!"

"Oh come on, this place is peaceful!" said a softer voice. "People living side by side in harmony, playing with their animal friends, please don't ruin it all!"

"Oh shut up, Doc! You're ruining my evil speech! Anyway, the people of this world do not have extensive technology, so taking it over should be a breeze... Nothing will stop me now!"

"FREEZE!" O'Malley turned to see a gun pointed right at his face, held by an Officer Jenny with a whole squad of police officers behind her as well.

"CRAP!"

\_END EPISODE\_

So ends the next installment of Red vs. Blue: The Pok mon Chronicles. I'd like to take this time to thank all of those who reviewed, and of course the people of Rooster Teeth as well for making the series that inspired this entire fanfiction (get more episodes up, please!) Stay tuned for the next chapter/episode:

**\*\*Dues Ex Moronica\*\***

C&C and all that. Peace out!

End  
file.